VALIANT PRESENTS

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER®

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WAR PARTY

JURASSIC POLITICS
PART 1 OF 3

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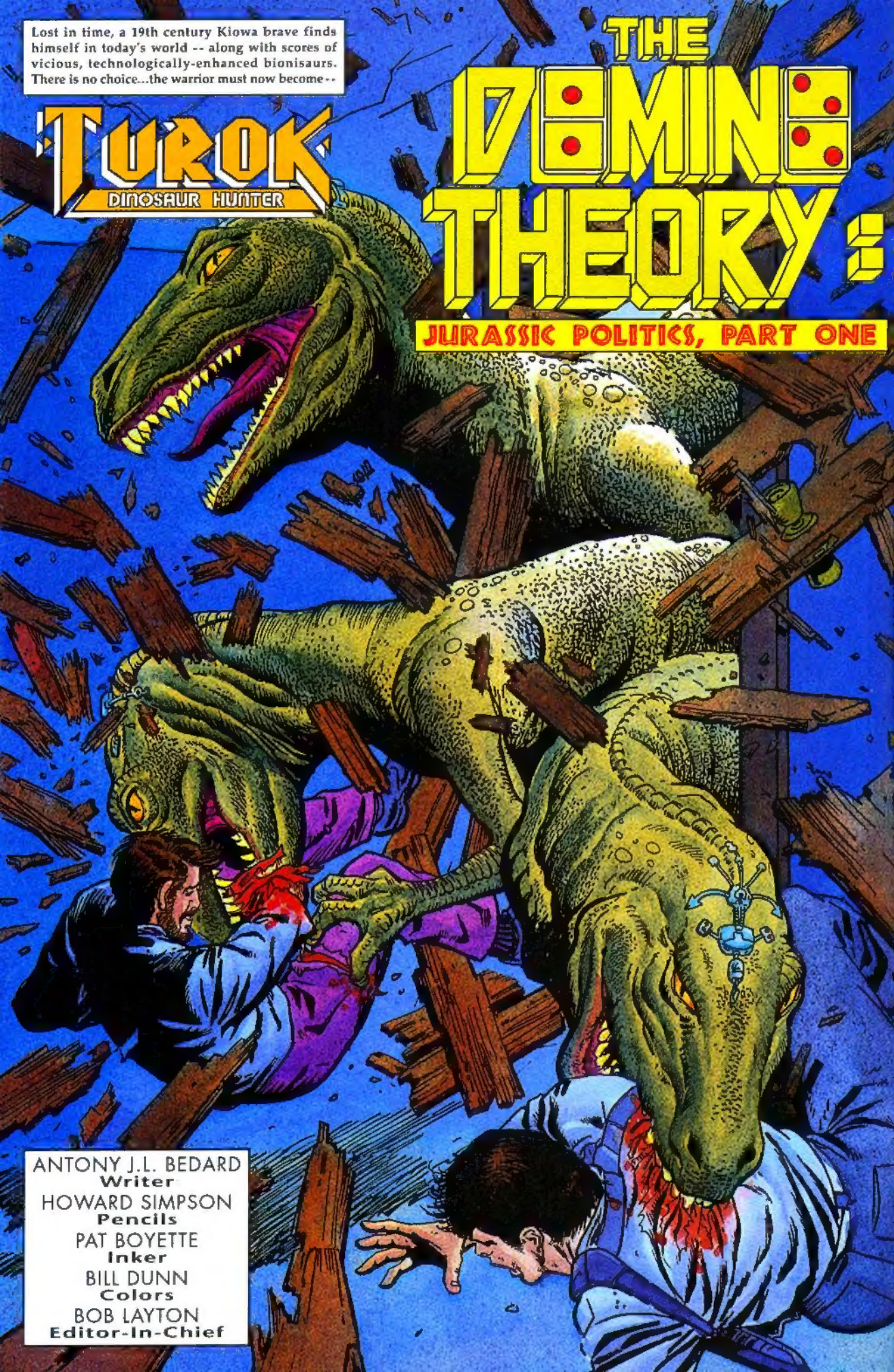
Lost in time, a 19th century Kiowa brave finds himself in today's world -- along with scores of vicious, technologically-enhanced bionisaurs. There is no choice...the warrior must now become--
TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
THE DOMINO THEORY:
JURASSIC POLITICS, PART ONE
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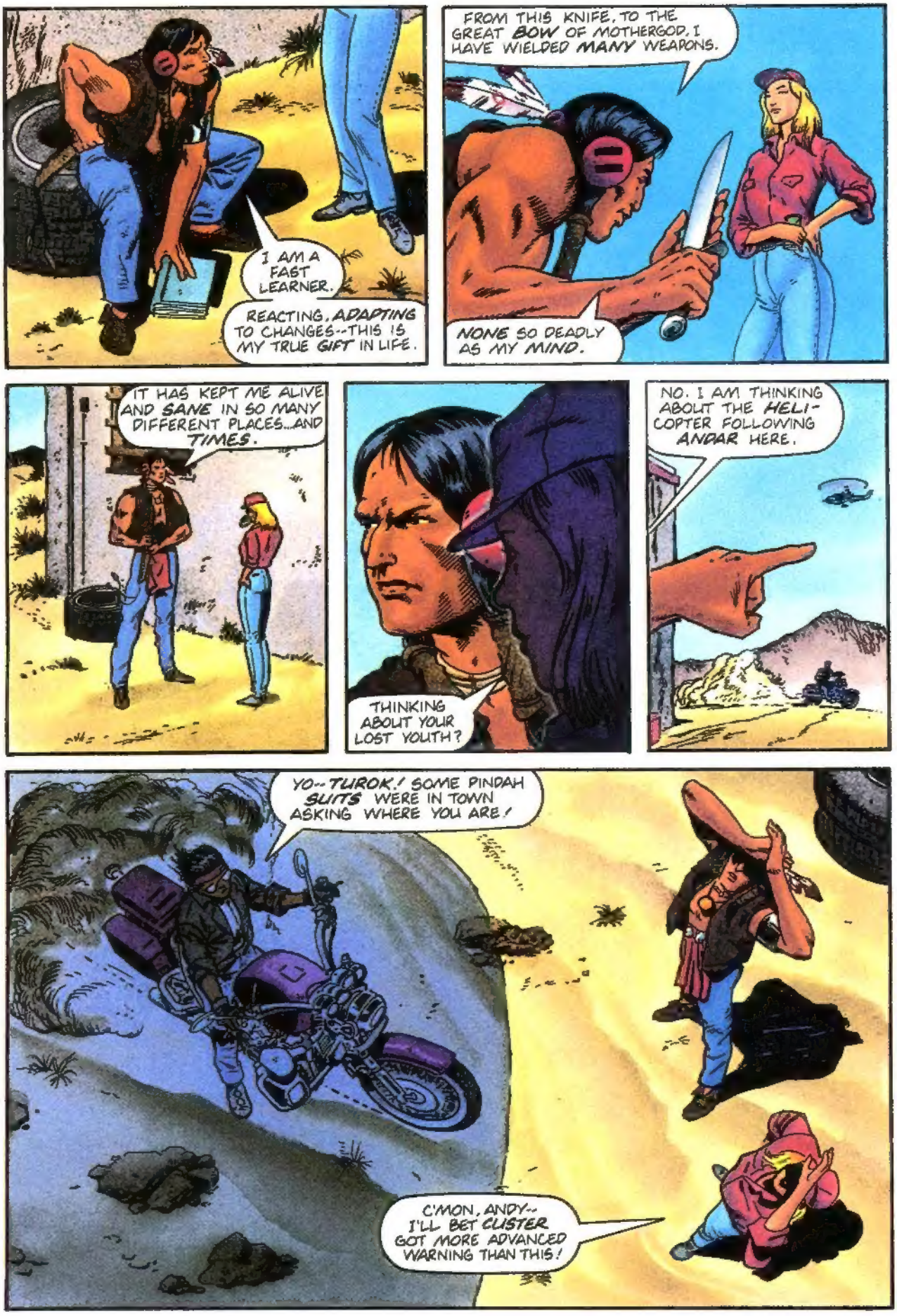
THE TANOAN FLATS INDIAN RESERVATION. SEPTEMBER 19, 12:24 P.M.
TUROK, YOU'RE A TUTOR'S DREAM.
YOUR READING PROGRESS IS GREAT. DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SO LONG SINCE "THE CAT IN THE HAT"!
HOW'S THAT ONE COMING?
FINISHED IT LAST NIGHT.
NOW I AM REREADING THE MORE...PERPLEXING PARTS.
THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE
WHADJA THINK?
>HRUMPH<
REGAN, THERE IS A STRENGTH IN WOMEN THAT I RESPECT AND ADMIRE...
...BUT THIS "FEMINISM" IS A BIT... MUCH FOR A MAN BORN 150 YEARS AGO.
YEAH..WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE READING FASTER.


I AM A FAST LEARNER.
REACTING, ADAPTING TO CHANGES--THIS IS MY TRUE GIFT IN LIFE.
FROM THIS KNIFE, TO THE GREAT BOW OF MOTHERGOD, I HAVE WIELDED MANY WEAPONS.
NONE SO DEADLY AS MY MIND.
IT HAS KEPT ME ALIVE AND SANE IN SO MANY DIFFERENT PLACES...AND TIMES.
THINKING ABOUT YOUR LOST YOUTH?
NO. I AM THINKING ABOUT THE HELICOPTER FOLLOWING ANDAR HERE.
YO--TUROK! SOME PINDAH SUITS WERE IN TOWN ASKING WHERE YOU ARE!
C'MON, ANDY-- I'LL BET CLUSTER GOT MORE ADVANCED WARNING THAN THIS!

ATTENTION, TUROK. DOCTOR HOWELL! REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE!
TUROK, WE NEED TO TALK.
I'M PETER GRIGGS--C.I.A...
WE NEED YOUR HELP IN A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
"NATIONAL SECURITY" IS NO CONCERN OF MINE.
THIS COUNTRY CEASED TO BE MY NATION WHEN THE WHITE EYES TOOK OVER.
I SEE YOU'RE NOT WORRIED BEING "P.C."
BUT, I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO HELP...
...HUNTING BIONISAURS!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, NEAR CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, WYOMING.
OUR FIRST STOP IS A C.I.A. BRIEFING.
AS OUR BIONISAUR EXPERT, PLEASE CONTRIBUTE EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.
WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I HEARD OF COMANCHEES WHO SERVED AS SCOUTS FOR THE WHITE SOLDIERS, OR "PINDAHS."

Y'KNOW, WE'VE ASSEMBLED QUITE AN IMPRESSIVE FILE ON YOUR RECENT "ACTIVITIES."
SHOULD I BE FLATTERED?
I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW THE COMANCHEES TOLERATED IT.

TUROK, THIS IS SPECIAL AGENT THOMAS HIGDON. HE'LL TAKE YOU INSIDE.

YOU ALWAYS DRESS LIKE THAT, SON?

THE BRASS MUST BE DESPERATE TO CALL IN A FLOWER CHILD ON THIS JOB.
AND JUST WHAT PART DO I PLAY IN THIS "JOB"?

WE'LL GET TO THAT.
BUT FIRST, SOME INTRODUCTIONS...
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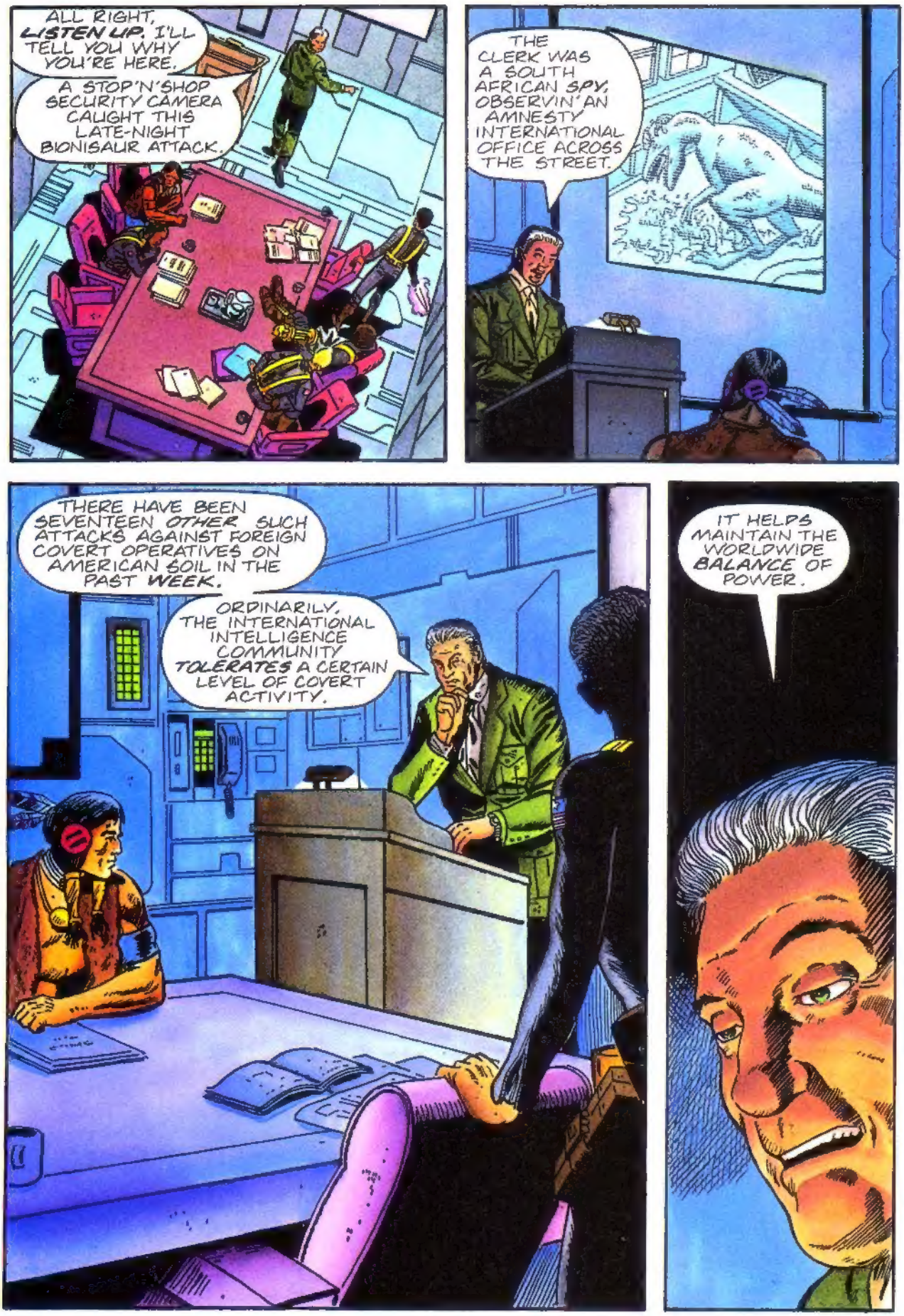
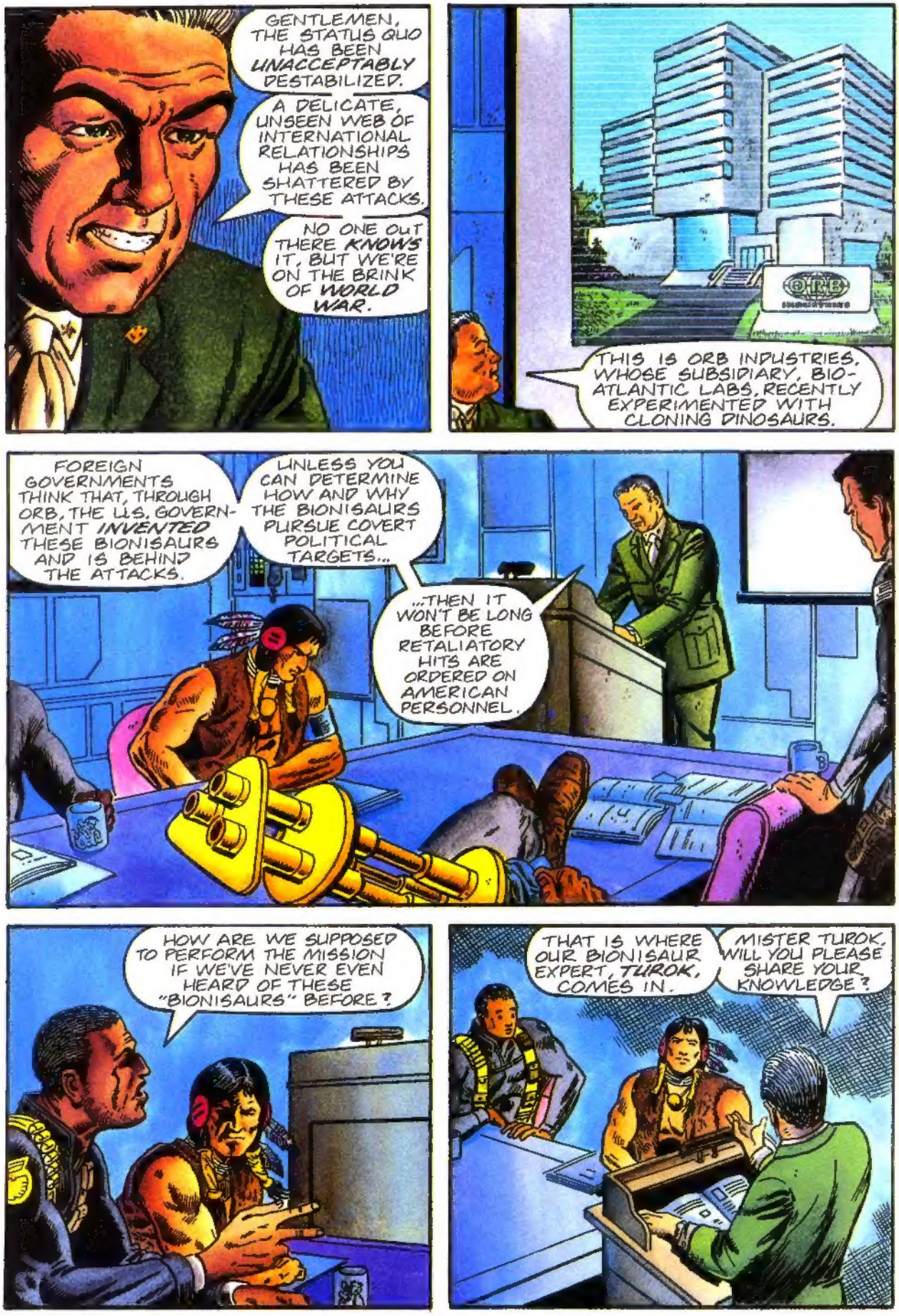
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS TUROK. HE'LL SERVE AS THIS MISSION'S "TECHNICAL ADVISOR."
TUROK, THIS IS A C.I.A. TACTICAL TEAM. THEY'LL SHOW YA A FEW NEW THINGS ABOUT HUNTIN'.
I HAVE JUST BECOME AN HONORARY PINDAH.
TEAM COMMANDER FRANK CROGHAN...
WELCOME ABOARD.
...RECON AND INFILTRATION SPECIALIST DAVID GERMAN...
...DEMOLITION AND HEAVY ORDNANCE SPECIALIST MALICHI WATERMAN...
TONTO. GREAT.
...COMMUNICATIONS SPECIALIST AND PILOT BRODY BLAIR.
'SUP.


ALL RIGHT, LISTEN UP. I'LL TELL YOU WHY YOU'RE HERE.
A STOP'N'SHOP SECURITY CAMERA CAUGHT THIS LATE-NIGHT BIONISAUR ATTACK.
THE CLERK WAS A SOUTH AFRICAN SPY, OBSERVIN' AN AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL OFFICE ACROSS THE STREET.
THERE HAVE BEEN SEVENTEEN OTHER SUCH ATTACKS AGAINST FOREIGN COVERT OPERATIVES ON AMERICAN SOIL IN THE PAST WEEK.
ORDINARILY, THE INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY TOLERATES A CERTAIN LEVEL OF COVERT ACTIVITY.
IT HELPS MAINTAIN THE WORLDWIDE BALANCE OF POWER.


GENTLEMEN, THE STATUS QUO HAS BEEN UNACCEPTABLY DESTABILIZED.
A DELICATE, UNSEEN WEB OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONSHIPS HAS BEEN SHATTERED BY THESE ATTACKS.
NO ONE OUT THERE KNOWS IT, BUT WE'RE ON THE BRINK OF WORLD WAR.
ORB
THIS IS ORB INDUSTRIES, WHOSE SUBSIDIARY, BIO-ATLANTIC LABS, RECENTLY EXPERIMENTED WITH CLONING DINOSAURS.
FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS THINK THAT, THROUGH ORB, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT INVENTED THESE BIONISAURS AND IS BEHIND THE ATTACKS.
UNLESS YOU CAN DETERMINE HOW AND WHY THE BIONISAURS PURSUE COVERT POLITICAL TARGETS...
...THEN IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE RETALIATORY HITS ARE ORDERED ON AMERICAN PERSONNEL.
HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO PERFORM THE MISSION IF WE'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THESE "BIONISAURS" BEFORE?
THAT IS WHERE OUR BIONISAUR EXPERT, TUROK, COMES IN.
MISTER TUROK, WILL YOU PLEASE SHARE YOUR KNOWLEDGE?

YOU DRAGGED ME INTO THIS BECAUSE I'VE HUNTED THESE CREATURES FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS.
KILLING THEM REQUIRES STEALTH, NOT FIREPOWER.
SO LISTEN TO ME, HIGDON--IF YOU BURDEN ME WITH THESE...COWBOYS, YOU'LL JEOPARDIZE THE HUNT.
THINK ANY OF US WANTS TO FOLLOW A GUY WITH PIGTAILS INTO A FIREFIGHT?
JUST POINT OUT THE CRITTERS AND GET OUTTA THE WAY.
AIN'T NOTHIN' ALIVE CAN STAND UP TO THIS GUN!
THESE "CRITTERS" HAVE CLAWS LIKE KNIVES AND CAN LEAP HIGHER THAN A MAN UPON A HORSE!
THEY HUNT IN PACKS, COORDINATING ATTACKS THROUGH SCREAMS AND SCENTS.
THEY ARE DECEPTIVE, USING DECOY TACTICS.
AND THEY CAN TAKE GREAT INJURIES, EVEN LOSE LIMBS, AND STILL REMAIN DEADLY.
REGAN TELLS ME THIS IS BECAUSE OF THEIR "DECENTRALIZED NERVOUS SYSTEMS."
THIS MEANS UNLESS YOU KNOW WHERE TO SHOOT THEM, EVEN THAT GUN WILL NOT STOP THEM.
BUT I CAN SLAY ONE OF MON-ARK'S CHILDREN WITH A SINGLE ARROW.

DO YOU SEE THAT MECHANISM UPON THE LIZARD'S SCALP?
IT WAS CREATED BY THE SCIENCE OF MOTHERGOD. IT MAKES THE RAPTORS SMART --SMARTER THAN YOU.
THE MECHANISMS GIVE OFF SIGNALS, LIKE YOUR RADIOS FIND A WAY TO USE THIS AGAINST THEM.
OTHERWISE, JUST FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE--IF YOU WANT TO LIVE THROUGH THIS.
DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY, "TWO ROCKS"-- I'M STILL IN CHARGE OF THIS MISSION.
THAT'S "TUROK."
TOO-CROCK'S MORE LIKE IT! YOU GET OUTTA LINE ON THIS LIZARD HUNT, AND I'LL DECENTRALIZE YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.
GOT THAT?
CAN WE GO NOW?
AT LEAST THEY WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BECOME MUCH OF A BURDEN.

SEVERAL HOURS AND A MID-AIR REFUELING LATER.
STORE
FOOD & GAS
CANGAS
THIS IS WHERE THE LATEST BIONISAUR ATTACK HAPPENED.
WE'RE THE FIRST ONES OUT HERE, SO..
...EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED!
AS IF A FLIPPIN' DINOSAUR CAN SNEAK UP ON YA!
WHAT'S IT GONNA DO... TIPPY-TOE?
BLAIR HERE. SCANNING FOR CYBERNETIC ACTIVITY, BUT THE AIR TRAFFIC IN THE AREA'S KICKING UP A LOT OF "NOISE."
THEY MONITORED A NEARBY AIR FORCE BASE. WHY THIS WOULD MAKE THEM A TARGET FOR THE THUNDER LIZARDS IS BEYOND ME.
CROGHAN TOLD ME THE MEN AT THIS REMOTE TRADING POST WERE ACTUALLY SPIES FROM THE LAND CALLED RUSSIA.

OH, GOD! WHAT COULD'VE DONE THIS?
Barney's
THE BODIES ARE UNEATEN--WHICH ALSO MAKES NO SENSE. BUT THEY WERE HERE--THEIR SCENT LINGERS.
JEEZ... THAT >GAG< SMELL.
GARAGE
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE. THEY ARE NOT BEHAVING NATURALLY...
I'M GETTING THAT FEELING... LIKE THE NIGHT WHEN SOME CHREAKAVVA BANDITS AMBUSHED ME AND ANDAR
WHY DID THESE FOOLS INSIST THAT I COME UNARMED?
LOOKS LIKE THE GREAT SCOUT'S CLUELESS.
H-HEY GUYS? BLAIR HERE. I'M PICKING UP SOME REALLY STRANGE MICROWAVE TRANSMISSIONS.
WIND'S SHIFTING...
THEY'RE STILL HERE!

KLANG
THE DUMPSTER...!
HELLO.
Leapin' Lizards..?
WATERMAN, GERMAN.. PREPARE TO FIRE ON THE RAPTOR.
CROGHAN.. LISTEN TO ME...
I·HAVE·A·MESSSSAGE·FOR·YOU.
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT HOW THEY HUNT?
THE·MESSSAGE·ISSS··YOU'RE·ALL·DEAD.

FIRSSST·PRIORITY·-ELIMINATE·ARMED·HUMANSSS.
SSSECOND PRIORITY--SSSECURE FLYING·CRAFT
CUNNING AND DECEPTION DISTRACT YOUR QUARRY WHILE THE OTHERS ATTACK FROM BEHIND!

THE ONE NAMED GERMAN SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN HIS EYES OFF THE FIRST ONE.
NOW, THE GAUDY WEAPONS HE PRIZED WILL GO UNUSED.
YEAH! COME'N GET IT!!
WHAT'D I TELL YA?
DECENTRALIZED NERVOUS SYSTEM, MY A--:
SHLUNK-KRUNCH

CROGHAN'S IN TROUBLE--
--BUT HE IS A BETTER WARRIOR THAN THE OTHERS
I'LL NEED GERMAN'S FALLEN RIFLE IF I'M TO SAVE HIM.
THERE. JUST WAIT FOR THE LEAP--
--AND DIVE UNDER!

CROGHAN! ANYBODY! GET BACK IN THE CHOPPER BEFORE THEY--
--come after ME...!
THIS·UNIT·WILL·SSSSECURE VEHICLE.·RED·HUMAN· DESSSSTROYING·UNIT·724. ISSS·NOW·TOP·PRIORITY.
C'MON, BABY...
...START!
WHHRRRR
THEY DON'T CALL IT A CHOPPER FOR NOTHIN'!

≥GASP≤ EVIDENCE DESSSTRUCTION PROTOCOL.
WHAT?
FWOOSH
THEY NEVER BURST INTO FLAMES BEFORE!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?
≥WHLING≤
THISSS-UNIT TERMINATING-RED-HUMANOID.
ONE CARELESS MOMENT, AND IT'S ALL OVER!

SKREEE!
DIE, ALREADY! WHY DON'T YOU DIE?
HE MAY NOT KNOW WHERE TO SHOOT, BUT AT LEAST BLAIR BOUGHT ME A CHANCE--
--TO REPAY THE FAVOR!
MISSSION·A FAILURE. INSSSTITUTING· EVIDENCE· DESSSTRUCTION· PROTOCOL.
:GANGH:

QUICKLY-- BEFORE IT CATCHES FIRE!
CATCHES FIRE..?
FWOOSH
GYAAHH!!
BOY, WERE WE WRONG ABOUT YOU!
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD STOP 'EM, MAN--
FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE IN CHARGE-- WHATEVER YOU SAY GOES!!!
IN THAT CASE, LISTEN! WHAT JUST HAPPENED HERE-- IT WAS ALL WRONG.
BIONISAURS DO NOT ATTACK POLITICAL TARGETS...
...THEY DO NOT DISCUSS PRIORITIES...
--AND THEY DON'T SELF-DESTRUCT TO COVER THEIR TRACKS!
THIS ALL RAISES MORE QUESTIONS THAN IT ANSWERS, BUT IT TELLS ME ONE IMPORTANT THING--
--SOMETHING IS FORCING THEM TO DO THESE THINGS.
SOMEONE HAS FOUND A WAY TO CONTROL AND USE BIONISAURS, AND I MUST FIND OUT WHO!
NEXT-- DEATH FLIES ON LEATHERY WINGS.

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